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OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Athens.



ALTHOUGH in a former number of the MIRROR (No. LXV.) we gave an engraving representing some of the most remarkable ruins in Athens, yet we are sure a general and picturesque view of a city, which was the glory of ancient Greece, and the birth-place of the most distinguished orators, philosophers, and heroes of antiquity, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers. For this view we are indebted to a "Second Visit to Greece," by Mr. Blaquier, a gentleman whose zeal in promoting the liberation of the Greeks from their abhorr'd oppressors is above all praise; and who, in the work we have alluded to, has frankly and fairly stated the difficulties under which the Greeks still labour, while he does justice to the virtues they have displayed.

The fact is, that the Greeks are much to worse of the "sinews of war"—money; and although a subscription has been opened for them in this country, yet, we are sorry to say, its amount is by no means such as a cause so glorious is entitled to, or such as can do honour to a country rich beyond all others; and justly boasting of its freedom. To see

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Greece; a country with which our earliest and noblest recollections are associated, to see Christian Greeks writhing under the ruffianly tyranny of the Turks, is almost a reproach to Europe; and now that she has risen against her oppressors, driven them from the land, and for five years maintained her independence, is it not lamentable to see her sons still compelled to rest on their arms, and to contend with the savage hordes that are sent to enslave or exterminate them?

But our enthusiasm for the freedom of Greece is leading us from her once-pride capital, which is grand even in its ruins. For an historical notice of Greece we must refer to the number of the MIRROR to which we have already alluded. No city in the world can boast, in so short a space of time, of such a number of illustrious citizens, equally celebrated for their humanity, their learning, and their military talents, as Athens, in the days of her glory, produced.

Athens, which is the capital of Lacedaemon, is situated 100 miles south-east of Lacedaemon, and 200 south-west by west of Constantinople; it contains a population

200

of about 10,000 persons. The environs of Athens are strikingly romantic and beautiful: indeed, nature and art seem to have struggled for the mastery in the formation of this celebrated city. Mr. Turner, who visited Athens in 1811, on approaching the city, says, "Never shall I forget the sublimity of the scenery which surrounded me for these three hours.— Trees and shrubs issuing from the barren rock, as if it were by magic; precipices, whose tremendous depth I trembled to look at, and mountains soaring to such a height, that no human foot can ever have trod them. On all sides the streams from the heights were rolling down in cascades; and the rich foliage around me was finely contrasted with the falling and decayed trunks of trees, of which many were burnt by the natives to make charcoal. Before us was one of the richest plains I have seen in Greece, entirely covered with flowers and the richest pasture."

Athens is surrounded by a wall, which, like many of its noble edifices, is considerably dilapidated. Among the most attractive objects in the city is the Acropolis, which is ascended by a pretty good road; and at every turn the eye meets with some fragment which reminds him of the architectural grandeur of Athens. At the summit of the Acropolis is the superb Parthenon, the finest specimen existing of Doric architecture, of which there are still magnificent remains, thirty-nine columns being standing. Several are thrown down, and some have been ground to the dust by the Turks, to make mortar—so little respect have these barbarians for the works of art: nay, even the very metal found inside the columns, for which the seller commonly obtains a few shillings, is a strong temptation to the Turks, under whose custody the splendid ruins of Greece was unfortunately placed, until her sons drove the vandals from their country.

The temples of Neptune Erechtheus and Minerva Polias, the Pandroseum, the monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the lantern of Demosthenes, the monument of Thrasylus and many other objects too numerous for us to describe, all attest the grandeur, even in ruins, of Athens, which is so rich in monuments of antiquity, that even over the doors of the Greeks there are basso relievos. The celebrated temple of Theseus, which stands west of the city, is the most perfect monument in Greece, wanting only two columns, which the modern Greeks have destroyed to make a projection of the wall into which to place their altar. Such is Athens even at the present day,

and when Greece shall have consolidated her independence and assumed that rank among the nations of the world to which she is entitled, we doubt not one of the first measures will be to preserve from further dilapidation the noble monuments of her once proud capital.

### HISTORY OF RINGS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE custom of wearing rings to adorn the hand, is of such remote date, that all attempts to trace its origin are lost in the obscurity of antiquity; but the primary intention of this practice, in early ages of the world, appears to have been as an emblem of authority and government; and this was symbolically communicated by delivering a *ring* to the person on whom they were intended to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh when he entrusted the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and presented it to him for a token of the authority with which he invested him; and many other instances in support of this opinion might be adduced from both sacred and profane historians.

In conformity to this ancient usage, the Christian church employed the *ring* in the ceremony of marriage (which was first adopted by the Greek church) as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave to his wife over his household, and of the earthly goods with which he thus endowed her. The ring for this ordinance was made of *gold*, because that metal was allegorically used by the ancients for *love*; and a ring was also typical of *eternity*; thus conjointly it was emblematical of *love without end*.

Having thus made these brief prefatory remarks, I proceed to give a further account of this custom, which it is hoped may not prove wholly uninteresting to the readers of the *MIRROR*.

According to the most authentic authorities it appears that the wearing of rings had its source in India, the common parent of most of the arts; afterwards it was very prevalent among the Egyptians, from whom it descended to the Etruscans, and so gradually passed to the Greeks, and thence to the mighty empire of Rome; from whose vast extent of dominions by conquests, it may readily be imagined that this practice was imitated by nearly all the civilized, and even barbaric, inhabitants of the known world.

Under the consuls, rings were at first manufactured of *iron*, and worn only by soldiers, and that upon the third finger of the left hand, hence denominated the

ring-finger. Increasing wealth, with its attendants—luxury and pride—however, soon superseded an ornament of this inferior metal by introducing rings of more costly materials, and those made of gold were afterwards so very general, that it is related after the celebrated battle of Cannae (disastrous to the Romans) Hannibal sent a whole *bushel* of them to the senators at Carthage, of which he had despoiled the slain and prisoners! The Roman senators also wore gold rings, and Florus, the Latin historian, affirms that after the famous engagement just mentioned, the senate had no other gold than their rings. The plebeians also adopted the use of rings, but only of iron, for those of gold were granted by special favour as marks of distinction. Under the emperors, the common soldiers, and even freedmen, wore gold rings, although they were originally prohibited unless personally given by the emperor. The petitions soliciting this privilege became, however, so numerous, that Justinian was tired of their importunity, and ultimately permitted all who thought proper to bestow them. Hence *gold* rings became in fashion, many of which have been picked up and are still preserved in antique collections. The rings worn by the emperors had generally a *signet* attached thereto. (For an historical account of gem engraving, vide MIRROR, No. XII. p. 179.)

Among the various other purposes for which rings have been employed, they have very long taken a conspicuous part as *love-tokens*; thus, when Egeus accuses Lysander of having "witched the bosom of his child," he says,

"———Thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd *love-tokens* with my child;  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy,  
With bracelets of thy hair, RINOS, gauds, con-  
ceits"  
*Shakespeare's Midsummer Nights' Dreams.*

But of all the other sorts of rings which have frequently been despatched as messengers of love, that kind of double hooped one (half of which was often worn by the lover, the other half by his "soul's delight,") called the *gemmow*, or *gimmel* ring, stands pre-eminent; this, it is supposed, was one among the many fertile inventions of our Gallic neighbours, whose skill in devising apt symbols of the tender flame is certainly unrivalled, and to this day most of the mottoes on similar amorous trifles are given in French. Upwards of twenty instances might be quoted from Shakespeare mentioning the use of this kind of ring,

though several of his commentators have differed strangely in their remarks upon this head; particularly with respect to the derivation, which it is very probable, came from the Latin, *gemellus*, a twin.

I shall conclude this essay (which I am fearful has already trespassed upon the prescribed limits) with the description of a *gimmel* ring, dug up about twelve years ago at Horselydown, and which it is supposed was made either in the reign of Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth:—"It is of fine gold, and most beautiful workmanship; it is constructed of twin or double hoops, playing within each other; each hoop had one side flat, the other convex; each was twisted once round, and surmounted by a hand issuing from an embossed fancy worked wrist or sleeve; the course of the twist in each hoop was made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surface of the hoops they immediately united into one ring. On the lower hand, or that in which the palm was uppermost, was represented a heart, and as the hoops were closed, the hands slid into contact, forming with the ornamental wrists a head to the whole; the device thus presenting a triple emblem of Fidelity, Love, and Union."

JACOBUS.

#### ROYAL UNION ASSOCIATION.

THAT Benefit Societies, wherever they have been established on sound principles and fairly conducted, have been productive of great advantages to the members individually and to society at large by reducing or preventing the increase of the poor rates, is a fact which experience has proved, and which has been clearly ascertained by the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons. That some of them have been founded on erroneous calculations, and conducted on wrong principles is equally certain. Perhaps the greatest error is the expense incurred in meeting at public houses so frequently, when the money expended by the most careful is not only equal to one fifth part of the contribution to the stock, but often leads to the dissipating double that sum. Still benefit societies have done much good, and many a man in sickness has received that honourable relief to which he was entitled by his contributions, which he could only have had in a very limited and humiliatory manner from his parish.

That Assurance Companies are also excellent institutions cannot be denied, but they have hitherto been only calculated for, or resorted to, by the middle

and higher classes of society. An institution that should combine the economy and excellent management of an Assurance Society, and accommodate itself to the humble means and resources of the working classes, has long been wanted ; and such an institution we think we have found in the " Royal Union Association," which has recently been formed in Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge.

Entertaining, as we do, great suspicion of all establishments which profess to be very liberal in their benefits, and watchful as we deem it necessary to be, we would not notice the " Royal Union Association" until we had ascertained the value of its objects, and the rank and character of its patrons. The Association is formed for the purpose as stated in the Prospectus of " affording to the Working Classes an opportunity to secure by their own monthly payments, Weekly Allowances, Medical Attendance and Medicine during Sickness ; Pecuniary Assistance to Females at Child-birth ; Sums of Money payable at Death for Burial Expenses, and Assistance to Surviving Families ; Annuities in Old Age, and numerous other benefits. Encouraging the establishment and improvement of Benefit Societies throughout the kingdom. Promoting the general employment of the Working Classes as well as of Clerks and Male and Female Servants, superseding register offices and houses of call, and administering temporary relief to such as may be unexpectedly thrown out of employment ; and affording permanent relief to aged persons of unblemished character, whose circumstances have become reduced, by pensions of not exceeding 10s. per week to males, and 7s. to females."

These objects have been sought to be effected in consequence of the recommendation of the committee of the House of Commons, to which we have referred. With regard to the plan of the Association, it is intended to embrace the principle of Benefit Societies without their errors, the utility of Register Offices without their fallacy, and the benevolent plans of Pension Societies, without their prohibitory restrictions.

It appears that there are nine hundred thousand persons connected with Benefit Societies, independent of an immense number who deposit their money in Saving Banks, another excellent institution of modern times, so far as saving a person's own money goes, but affording him no claim on that of others in case of misfortune or sickness.

It seems, however, that the great evils of Benefit Societies have arisen from the

want of patronage and absence of proper information ; thus a valuable class of persons in legislating for themselves have mistaken the calculations, and subjected themselves to disappointment and loss.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that by actual returns from Societies, comprising 104,218 members, it has been ascertained, that between the ages of 60 and 70, no less than 12 out of every 100 are, upon an average, sick the year round ; this accounts for the numerous failures which occur amongst Societies after thirty, forty, and even fifty years of apparent success ; and shews the necessity of correcting the mania for low payments, which has been, and continues to be, so destructive to confidence, and injurious to the Members of Societies.

The formation of the " Royal Union Association," was suggested by these circumstances, and it is an institution in which the members are their own masters ; for, according to the Prospectus, the full payment of the benefits to the members, their right of electing officers from amongst themselves, and of annually inspecting the accounts, as well as the privilege of generally controlling the affairs of the Association, are all secured to them by Act of Parliament, while every guarantee is provided to ensure the good conduct and fidelity of every officer on the establishment.

There are eight distinct objects the " Royal Union Association" have in view : —First, " Insurance against sickness." We do not pretend to enter largely into the details ; but it appears that " for obtaining 12s. per week bed-lying payment, per week walking pay—1s. 6d. per week at 65 (whether ill or well)—and 3s. per week at 70—for a person aged 20 is only required to pay 2s. 0d. per month,—" aged 30 ... 2s. 5d. ditto.  
— 40 ... 3s. 3d. ditto.  
— 50 ... 5s. 4d. ditto."

The second object is for " Sums of money at death." From 5s. to 100*l.* may be secured on the death of a member on proportionate monthly instalments. " Annuities in old age ;" " immediate annuities ;" " endowments and apprentice fees for children ;" " sums of money at deferred periods ;" pecuniary assistance to females " going-in," and a " permanent deposit fund," are the remaining objects of this Association ; one feature of which is, that if a member die, or even discontinue his payments, the money is not lost, but his representative or himself, will be entitled to the benefit of its accumulation. Another advantage is, that in case of sickness the members will have

medical advice and medicine free of expence; and, thirdly, members when out of a situation, may, for the trifling sum of three pence, register their names in a book of trades, occupations, and services, to which the public, on payment of a like sum, will have access if they want workmen, servants, &c.

Of the individuals by whom the "Royal Union Association" is conducted we confess we know nothing; but as it struck us as formed on an excellent principle, we deemed it our duty to make it known to our readers; when, however, we look to its patron, presidents, &c. we cannot but think favourably of this National Benefit and Assurance Association as it ought to have been called. The Duke of York is patron of the Association. Among its honorary members are the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose, a host of Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, and Members of Parliament, including Mr. Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Alexander Baring, the eminent merchant, and M. P. The Bishop of Winchester, one of the most cautious, Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, one of the most benevolent, and Lord Palmerston, one of the most inaccessible of men, are also among the honorary members. The trustees and treasurers are bankers and gentlemen of the highest honour, and few institutions appear to have commenced under fairer auspices. Our object is, however, to indicate rather than direct, and we wish none of our readers to take what we state on trust, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the plan of the Association as detailed in the *Prospectus*.

LETTER FROM LORD CROMWELL, IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

(To the Editor of the *Mirror*.)

SIR.—The following curious letter (the original of which is preserved in the British Museum) was written by the celebrated Cromwell, vicar-general to Henry VIII., to the superior of the priory of Twardreth, in the county of Cornwall, on the subject of certain manorial rights claimed by the latter in the town of Fowey. If you think it will prove acceptable to any of the numerous readers of your instructive and entertaining miscellany, the insertion thereof will oblige

Your constant reader,

J. W. E.

"To the Priour of Twardreth, in Cornwall be this youen.

"Mr. Priour, as vnaquainted I have

me comended vnto you, that where as it is comen vnto the Kinges highnes knowledge that the Towne of Fowey is sore decayed, and th occasion thereof p'tlie is that in the said Towne is no order of Justice, because the liberties concerninge the same, graunted by the Kinges highnes and his noble progenitours to your predecessors, and by theme vnto the inhabitants of the said Towne, remaine in yor handes and kepinge, so that betwene you no maner good order, equitie, nor justice is executed and vsed wt. in the said Towne: wherefore I require you to condiscende and agree wt. the inhabitants of the saide Towne so that you hauyng yor reasonable approved duties, they may have theire liberties to be vsed and extended amongst theime wt. in the saide Towne to th increase of good order wt. in the same; and as yea shal agre therin to certifie me in writinge by Thomas Treffry berer herof. For his Highnes thinketh that the saide porte of Fowey sweth to be his, and to be helde of him, so that his Grace intendeth from henceforth to have it as well provided for wt. good gouernnce, and of defence for vttre enemyes, as other his townes and portes be wt. in these parties. Whereunto ye for yor partie before this tyme have had little or no regard, neyther to the good order, rule, and defencie thereof, ne yet to the good gouernance of your selfe, yor monasterie, and religion, as ye are bound; wherefore his Highnes thinketh that ye be veray unworthey to have rule of any towne, that cannot well rule yor self. And that I may have answer as is aforesaid, by this berer, what ye intend to do, I require you to th' intente, I may certifie his Highnes thereof. And thus fare ye well. At London, the XXIth daie of Maie.

"Your Friend Thos.

"Crumwell."

CANTABRIGIANA.

On an order being made to prevent dogs being kept at Trinity College.

What, the dogs all lock'd out, and the Bursar's lock'd in!

Was ever such strange partiality seen?

What law, or what statute, pray tell us, is't teaches,

Such bare-fac'd distinction between sons of b—s?

What crimes can these poor banish'd scutts have done?

That they from this land of good living must run? They do but eat, drink, and run after kind, Precisely the same as this dog left behind.

\* A padlock was put on the Bursar's garden door by the master.

But if it be true, as the prover's maintains,  
" Every dog has his day," some hope still re-  
 mains:  
We may live till we see that good day come  
about,  
When this dog in a doublet, himself shall turn  
out.

## EPICRAM.

ON an Inn, with the Sign of Bishop Blaize, be-  
ing pulled down, in order to build the Bishop of  
Llandaff's house, (Dr. Watson's) at Cambridge,

" Two trades can no'er agree"—  
No proverb e'er was juster—  
For Bishop Blaize, pull'd down, we see,  
To put up Bishop Bluster.

## EPICRAM, 1762.

From Whipsnade\* there came half a buck to  
Clare Hall,  
Meant for dinner on Sunday—brunch, pastry  
and all;  
Says the master to Churchill, to Carr and to Bigg; :  
" For Bishops and Doctors I care not a fig;  
To you, my dear friends, I will prove myself  
staunch.  
They shall e'en have the pastry, but we'll have  
the brunch."

\* The seat of the Earl of Hardwicke, High  
Steward of the University, by whom it is cus-  
tomy for half a buck to be sent to the Vice-Chan-  
cellor at the commencement; and Dr. Goddard,  
of Clare-Hall, was Vice-Chancellor this year.

† Fellows of Clare-Hall.

## SLEEP.

## THE IDEA FROM THE LATIN.

GENTLE handmaid! gentle sleep!—  
Though like Death's thy dark dominion;—  
Round me still thy visions keep!  
Fan me with thy downy pinion.  
Bain of sorrow! cure of strife!  
On a couch oblivious lying;  
To live, without the care of life!  
And die, without the pain of dying!

SPIRIT OF THE  
Public Journals.

## MAY DAY IN LONDON.

FORMERLY the inhabitants of the metro-  
polis used to go out early in the morning  
to fetch May from the neighbouring fields,  
and return with it in triumph. They had  
dances round May-poles in the streets.  
The church of St. Andrew Undershaft,  
in Leadenhall-street, is so called from a  
pole, or shaft, which used to be set up  
there on May-day, higher than the church-  
steeple. It is mentioned in Chaucer.  
Another, alluded to in Beaumont and  
Fletcher, flourished in the Strand, up to a  
late period. A third must have been set

up in May-fair, where a fair, which still  
gives its name to the spot, was held for  
fifteen days. Such long holidays are not  
desirable, nor great fairs either. But our  
ancestors, who took many pleasures, were  
not less industrious at other times than  
we; and they were healthier and stronger.  
" In the holidays all the summer," says  
old Stowe, " the youths are exercised in  
leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling,  
casting the stone, and practising their  
shields. The maidens trip with their tim-  
brels, and dance as long as they can well  
see." The court of the romantic and  
stately Elizabeth was as dancing an one  
as that of Charles II.; and much more  
addicted to rural holidays. At present,  
all our poetry is in books.

Several reasons have been assigned for  
the decline of May-day throughout Eng-  
land, and for its total fall in the metro-  
polis. The only real ones, however, are  
the growth of trade in the first instance;  
that of fanaticism afterwards; and finally,  
the conquest of this island by the pre-  
tended politeness and reasoning spirit of  
the French, which rendered us unpoetical  
and effeminate. It is curious, that the  
most light and dancing nations should  
have conspired to put an end to our merri-  
ment; but so it was. The Parisian gentry  
could sooner haulk our naturally graver  
temper, and pique it on being as reason-  
able as themselves, than they could stop  
the out-of-door pastimes of their own  
Boulevards and provinces. Our dancing  
was now to be confined, like a sick person,  
to its apartment. We might have as  
much gallantry as we pleased in a private  
way (a permission, of which our turn of  
mind did not allow us to avail ourselves,  
to the extent of our teachers); but none  
in a more open and innocent one. All  
our ordinary pleasures were to be seden-  
tary. We were to shew our refinement  
by being superior to every rustic impulse;  
and do nothing but doubt, and be gentle-  
manly, and afraid of committing our-  
selves. Men of all parties, opinions, and  
characters, united to substitute this false  
politeness and quiescence to the higher  
spirit of old English activity. The trader  
was too busy for pastime; the dissentor  
too serious; the sceptic too philosophical;  
the gentleman too high-bred;—and, like  
master like man, apprentices became too  
busy, like their employers; the dissenter  
must stop the dancing of the village; the  
philosopher was too much occupied with  
reading Plato, to remember that he was  
equally for cultivating mind and body;  
and the footman must be as genteel as his  
master, and have a spirit above clownish  
gambols. It is equally difficult to con-  
ceive Addison and Shaftesbury entering

warmly into the sports of a neighbourhood, or Hume and Wesley, or Abraham Newland and my Lord Chesterfield. There is a paper in the Spectator (written however, not by Addison but his friend Budgell) warning the fair sex not to go into the fields in May, lest it should be dangerous to their virtue. A polite and ingenuous admonition ! As if they could not stop in town, and do worse. Let us be assured, that a taste for Nature will do none of us harm. What it finds strong in us, it will strengthen. What it finds weak, it will at least divide and render graceful. When Sir Richard Steele retired into the country, after all his experience of the town and mankind, he found no recreation more pleasant than that of setting the young rustics upon their sports and races. Some have wondered, why there is no Shakspeare now-a-days. It is lucky for us, that we have had one; and I think we may reasonably wait some centuries for another. It will cost the world a great deal of change and variety. But if we had no such writers as we had in Shakspeare's time, one of the reasons is, that we have no such variety in our manners to draw upon; and what variety we could have, we do not choose to revive. Knowledge is more diffused; but what is the use of learning the way to be wiser, if we do not take it? Almost every poet now belongs either to town or country. If to the town, he knows, or feels, nothing of the country. If to the country, he knows nothing of the town. I speak of him according to his books. Our authors are poor in images; have no costume, no movement; nothing that implies a healthy possession of all their faculties, physical as well as mental. They are sovereigns of petty districts, not a gallant aristocracy ruling over all England; not

A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full.

The poetry of Shakspeare's time represents the age and the whole nation. There are peeling villages in it, as well as proud cities; forests, as well as taverns. There are gardens and camps; courts of kings and mobs of cobblers; and every variety of human life; its pains and its pastimes; business and holiday; our characters, minds, bodies, and estates. Its persons are not all obliged to be monotonous; to have but one idea or character to sustain, and find that a heavy one. Its heroines can venture to "run on the green-sward," as well as figure in a great scene. Its heroes are not afraid of laughing and being companionable. Nothing that has a spirit of health in it, a heart to feel, and lungs to give it utterance, was thought

alien to a noble humanity; and therefore the "sage and serious Spenser" can make his very creation laugh and leap at the coming of a holiday; and introduce May, the flowery beauty, borne upon the shoulders of a couple of demigods.

Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they  
spide;  
And leapt and daunet, as they had ravish'd beens;  
And Cupid self about her fluttred all in greene.

Let us see what a picture we make of this now in London.

Then came dark May, the darkest maid on  
ground,  
Deckt with no daunties of the season's pride,  
And throwing soot out of her lap around.  
Having grown scorn'd, on no one she did ride,  
Much less on gods; who once on either side  
Supported her, like to their sovereign queen.

Lord ! how the sweeps all grinn'd, when her  
they spide,  
And leapt and daunet, as they had scorched  
beens !  
And Jack himself about her lumber'd all in greene.

Such is May-day in London,—once the gayest of its holidays, furnishing the inhabitants with a pleasant prospect and retrospect, perhaps for half the year. May was the central object of one half the year, as Christmas was of the other. Neither is scarcely worth mention now.

The celebration of May in the country is almost as little attended to. The remoter the scene from London, the more it flourishes. In some villages a pole is set up, but there is no dance. In others, the boys go about begging with garlands, and do nothing else. A lump of half-dead bluebells and primroses is sent in at your door, to remind you that May was once a festival.—*New Monthly Mag.*

#### THE ESCAPE OF HAMILTON ROWAN FROM PRISON.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, an enthusiastic Irishman, was upwards of thirty years ago tried for a political offence, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, in Dublin, where he made his escape in a singular manner; in saying singular we do not allude to his getting from the prison, but to his escape afterwards.

The circumstances of Hamilton Rowan's escape from imprisonment, as I once heard them minutely detailed, possessed all the interest of a romantic narrative. The following are such of the leading particulars as I can recall to my recollection:—Having discovered (on the 28th of April, 1794,) the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight to be put into execution on the night of the 1st of May.

He had the address to prevail on the gaoler of Newgate, who knew nothing farther of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement, for a political libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. R. who had a supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the gaoler's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife in the adjoining room. The latter consented, on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper-table so as to give him a view of the open door-way. In a few seconds his prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope, which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him. With these he posted to the house of his attorney, Matthew Dowling, who was in the secret of his design, and had promised to contribute to its success by his counsel and assistance. Dowling was at home, but unfortunately his house was full of company. He came out to the street to Mr. Rowan, who personated the character of a country client, and hastily pointing out the great risk to be incurred from any attempt to give him refuge in his own house, directed him to proceed to the Rotunda (a public building in Sackville-street, with an open space in front,) and remain there until Dowling could despatch his guests, and come to him. Irish guests were in those days rather slow to separate from the bottle. For one hour and a half the fugitive had to wait, leading his horse up and down before the Rotunda, and tortured between fear and hope at the appearance of every person that approached. He has often represented this as the most trying moment of his life. Dowling at length arrived, and after a short and anxious conference, advised him to mount his horse, and make for the country-house of their friend Mr. Sweetman, which was situated about four miles off, on the northern side of the bay of Dublin. This place he reached in safety, and found there the refuge and aid which he sought. After a delay of two or three days, Mr. Sweetman engaged three boatmen of the neighbourhood to man his own pleasure-boat, and convey Hamilton Rowan to the coast of France. They put to sea at night; but a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and

take shelter under the lee of the Hill of Howth. While at anchor there on the following morning a small revenue-cruiser sailing by threw into the boat copies of the proclamations that had issued, offering £2,000 for the apprehension of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid-channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated "Cæsarem vehis" of antiquity, it would certainly make a fine subject for a picture. As the boat careered along before a favourable wind, the exiled Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and by their significant looks and gestures, discovering that they had recognized the identity of their passenger, with the printed description. "Your conjectures are right, my lords," said Rowan, "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They flung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course. On the third morning, a little after break of day, they arrived within view of St. Paul de Leon, a fortified town, on the coast of Breignac. As the sun rose, it dispersed a dense fog that had prevailed overnight, and discovered a couple of miles behind them, moving along under easy sail, the British Channel fleet, through the thick of which their little boat had just shot unperceived.

The party, having landed, were arrested as spies, and cast into prison, but in a few days an order from the French government procured their liberation. Hamilton Rowan proceeded to Paris, from which, in a political convulsion that shortly ensued, it was his fate once more to seek for safety in flight. He escaped this time unaccompanied, in a wherry, which he rowed himself down the Seine. The banks were lined with military; but he answered their challenges with as much address, that he was allowed to pass on un molested. Having reached a French port, he embarked for the United States of America, where at length he found a secure asylum.—*Ibid.*

\* It is now several years since the particulars of Mr. Rowan's escape were related to me by a friend, as they had been communicated to him by the principal actor himself; and my present recollection is that the above incident was not included. I have often heard it, as I have given it, from other sources.

GYMNASTICS.  
THE people of this land of rock-biscuit and plum-pudding have met the slightest

idea that, in common with other nations, they labour under the sore reproach of doing nothing, absolutely nothing, for their bodies. But the fact is stated in a Prospectus of Gymnastic Exercises now before us, and, after a moment's reflection, we cannot gainsay it. We certainly use our bodies ill, we give them foul names, call them clay, &c.; and then, as vile earthenware vessels, we apply them chiefly to kitchen uses, and do little more with them than put meats in them; or else we live in our bodies as men live in tenements, which they have on short leases, and never think of improving the premises, or of adding to their means of accommodating us. "I shall not live here long," is the thrifless reply to every suggestion of wisdom; and then, when the tabernacle yields to time, and becomes uncomfortable and disagreeable to inhabit, we thrust any vile doctor's stuff into the breaches, just as though we were botching an Irish cabin, and, like tinkers, generally make two holes in mending one. Even in their best days men used their bodies in this recknent way, merely because their time was short. We read that when Methuselah waxed in centuries, as he was lying on the ground bivouacking, as was his custom, in the afternoon, an angel appeared to him, and told him that if he would get up and build him a house to sleep in, he should live five hundred years longer. But what was his antediluvian reply to so eligible a proposal? Why, in substance, that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term! This is a type of the ways of man. Tell a lazy citizen, with a face like a poppy, to strengthen his body by exercise that he may live long in the land, and he replies, "man is but flower of the field," and therefore he is content to emulate the sedentary habits of the sleepy weed he essentially resembles, and goes on nodding and bobbing his life away with a flaming countenance and a drowsy head; it is not worth his while forsooth to make himself as strong as a jack-ass for so short a span. Exercise of a certain nature is indeed considered good; that is to say, a walk before dinner, or just so much, in short, as will prepare our earthenware vessel to hold an immense quantity of meat and drink, but as for taking systematic exercise for the purpose of developing or improving the powers of the body, it is a thing never thought of.

M. Carl Voelker, the writer of the Prospectus now before us, commences with the following observations:

"Few many centuries, education has

been exclusively directed to the development of the mental faculties, while the bodily powers have been entirely neglected. But all who acted on such a principle did not sufficiently take into account the intimacy of connexion between mind and body. For who does not know from his own experience, that the mind uniformly participates in the condition of the body? that it is cheerful when the body is strong and healthy, depressed when it is conscious of bodily weakness."

This is certainly true; for though we neglect the training or education of our bodies, as fond mothers neglect the training or education of their pet children, yet we take greatly to heart any ill that may befall them—we are wanting in the discharge of our duties to our bodies, but we do not in anywise lack affection for them, and the mind sympathises in their distress, though it seldom forms any reasonable plan to avert the evil. Professor Jahn, it appears, was among the first of the moderns who took the case of bodies under consideration, and having devised a number of exercises and arranged them systematically, he established a Gymnasium at Berlin, in the year 1810, which was soon resorted to by several thousands of pupils of various ages. "The ardent, real, and indefatigable exertion of this man," says M. Carl Voelker, "his concise, powerful, and persuasive appeals to his pupils, had such an effect, that all vied with each other in the endeavours to render their bodies strong and active." M. Carl Voelker was one of Professor Jahn's pupils, and in 1818, feeling himself sufficiently prepared for the duties of a teacher, he established gymnastic exercises at the academy of Eisenach and at the University of Tübingen. In these establishments under the system of Jahn—

"Weakly and sick persons (as those affected by consumption resulting from asthma,) recovered their health; and these exercises were perhaps the only effective medicine to their complaints. The judgment of physicians from all places where these exercises were introduced, concurred in their favourable effect upon health; and parents and teachers gave testimonies, that by them their sons and pupils, and all young men participating in these exercises, had become more thinking, active, and graceful in deportment.—*London Magazine.*

## EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER TO FASHION.

Q. Are you a gentleman?

A. I am.

Q. By what signs do you know that you are a gentleman?

A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.

Q. What is your fortune?

A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a year.

Q. What is your income?

A. About five thousand a year.

Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income?

A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.

Q. Explain the distinction?

A. By fortune, I mean what may be called a man's own money; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit or otherwise.

Q. How do you rate your yearly income?

A. By desiring my servant to cast up the year's bills.

Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it?

A. As an accession to my income; I account myself so much the richer.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty.

Q. How long have you been on the town?

A. Three years.

Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life?

A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived all his life, he commonly dies of extreme old age and infirmity at six-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Q. What are the boundaries of town?

A. Town is bounded on the North by Oxford-street, on the East by Bond-street and the Haymarket, on the South by Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and on the West by Park-lane.

Q. Is Portman-square then out of town?

A. No, it certainly is not; but I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out; but many persons hold, with good authority, that the north of Oxford-street cannot be quite right.

Q. Where is Russell-square?

A. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard that place named?

A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.

Q. Repeat one of these capital jokes?

A. In the House of Commons, Mr. Croker having named Russell-square, added a doubt whether any member knew where that was.

Q. You read the debates, then?

A. No, I beg leave to explain that I heard this story: Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it; I think more than a gentleman ought to laugh.

Q. Do you ever read?

A. Yes: I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calendar.

Q. How many tailors are there in London?

A. Two.

Q. How many boot-makers?

A. Five.

Q. Hatters?

A. Hats may be got anywhere in Bond-street or St. James's-street.

Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?

A. The starched neckcloth.

Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?

A. Brummell.

Q. Give the particulars of this invention?

A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the Prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's-street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washerwomen miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced,—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L——d died raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beau was obdurate, and miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing table, the emphatic words, "Starch is the man."

Q. Is Brummell an authority now?

A. No, none at all; but still, in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.

Q. Who is the king of the dandies now?

A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.

Q. Why is Mr. Hayne called Pea

Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?

*A.* It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper mistake; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn to yellow in the autumn.

*Q.* Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination?

*A.* Never, Sir.

*Q.* But you have heard of such practices?

*A.* I have *read* of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

*Q.* Suppose you were dining with the Guards, what should you eat?

*A.* I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

*Q.* What should you drink with the Guards?

*A.* Lemonade.

*Q.* What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself?

*A.* An exquisite of the first water will complain of head-ache, and confess intoxication after two glasses of light wine; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom will swallow a frightful quantity of liquor at dinner.

*Q.* Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening?

*A.* Yes; the Opera.

*Q.* Why the Opera?

*A.* Because there is an order against boots, and therefore, to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door keepers.

*Q.* What is the history of the standing order against trousers at Almack's?

*A.* The Lady Patronesses took a disgust to those loose habits, and issued an order that no gentleman should appear in them who could not plead some personal deformity in apology for the concealment of his shapes.

*Q.* What was the consequence?

*A.* The best made men in London went to Almack's in trousers, the patronesses ordered them out of the rooms, and the cavaliers therupon craved a jury of matrons. On this the qualification was rescinded, and the order was made absolute.

*Q.* You have your gallantries?

*A.* I have had the honour of being scandalised as much, I flatter myself, as other men.

*Q.* Supposing a woman of fashion sets you down in her carriage, what is the established etiquette?

*A.* To be rude.

*Q.* How do you make love to a chambermaid at an inn?

*A.* I knock her down with the boot-jack.

CETERA DESUNT.

*Ibid.*

#### ANECDOTES OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

IN No. CXXXVII. of the MIRROR we gave the several moves in the great game at chess played between the chess clubs of Edinburgh and London; and we, at the same time, promised to give a few anecdotes of this scientific game, for the origin of which we refer to No. LXXXVII. of the MIRROR.

The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals, and some have even supposed, that it was necessary for a military man to be well acquainted with this game. It is a game which has something in it peculiarly interesting. We read that Tamerlane was a great chess-player, and was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of Al Amin, the khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time that Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigour, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. Dr. Hyde quotes an Arabic history of the Saracens, in which the khalif is said to have cried out when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!" We are told that Charles I. was at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure; so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of any thing remarkable. King John was playing at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished his game.

The following remarkable anecdote we have from Dr. Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.":—John Frederic, elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and

injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and, having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty, after five years' confinement.

In the Chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada we find it related, that, in 1306, Mahomed Ballha seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continued round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful; and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he despatched an officer to the fort of Selobrena, to put his brother Jusaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The alcayde found the prince playing at chess with an alfaqui, or priest. Jusaf begged hard for two hours respite, which was denied him; at last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but before it was finished a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mahomed, and the unanimous election of Jusaf to the crown.

We have a curious anecdote of Ferrand, count of Flanders; who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place; which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovine, he suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

Reserving for a future number a separate memoir of Philidor, the Great Chess Player, we shall subjoin a few miscellaneous anecdotes, connected with the game.

#### ANIMATED CHESS.

DR. JOHN of Austria had a large room in his palace, in which there was a chequered pavement of black and white marble. Upon this living men, in varied costumes, resembling the different pieces on the chess-board, moved under his direction, according to the laws of the game.

#### PLAYING FOR A BENEFICE.

THE Chancellor of France, d'Aguesseau, was very fond of the game of chess, and used to play for half a crown a game with M. de Lagalle, the best player of his time, and the tutor of Philidor. M. de Lagalle once proposed to play for a great stake to the Chancellor. This he explained to be a living at Vincennes,

which he wished to procure for an abbé of his acquaintance. The chancellor immediately took the move, and in pushing his pawn said, " *Vi l'Abbé.*" M. de Lagalle soon got the advantage, but did not choose to win the game; which the chancellor told him, however, should not prejudice his friend, and he accordingly gave him the benefice.

#### DEXTERITY OF CHESS PLAYERS.

NUMEROUS instances are on record of persons playing at chess blindfolded, and others who would play two, three, or four games at a time. In the year 1268, there was a Saracen named Busecca, who came to Florence and played, at one time, on three chess boards, with the most skilful masters in Florence, playing at two by memory, and with the third by sight. He won two games, and the third was drawn.

Salvia, who wrote a treatise on the game of chess, Zerone, Mediano and Ruy, Lopes of Spain, Manerolino of Florence, and Paoli Boi of Syracuse, could all play successfully without seeing the board.

Sacchieri of Turin, Keyster informs us, could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the chess boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him what piece his antagonist had moved; and Sacchieri could direct what step was to be taken on his side; holding at the same time conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game; and in this manner uncontestedly decide the proper place of the piece.

#### CHESS IN IRELAND.

THE old Irish (says Dr. Hyde) were so greatly addicted to chess, that amongst them the possession of good estates hath been decided by it; and there are some estates, at this time, the property whereof doth still depend upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom I could name, to say nothing of others, hold their lands upon the tenure that one of them shall encounter the other at chess in this manner, that whoever should conquer, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore they, managing the affair prudently among themselves, perhaps once every year meet, by appointment, to play at chess. One of them makes a move, and the other saith, "I will consider how to answer you next

year." This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game, which neither of them hath won, hath been and will be continued for some hundreds of years.

### AMERICAN PUBLIC DINNERS.

THERE is something very peculiar about the public dinners of our transatlantic brethren (both North and South), particularly on the subject of toast-drinking. When we in Great Britain have a toast at a large public dinner, it is commonly expected to come, and generally does come, from the chair. In America, however (a land of liberty in this as in other matters), every individual present appears to take his share in the toasting, whether with or without permission of the chair we have not been able to discover. Moreover, every individual seems to exert his utmost power to strain the memory of the company, for there come forth from many, if not most, who attempt the art of toast-proposing, such a multiplicity of words, that we are sure none but the reporters present will be able to repeat them. Take an instance from a Buenos Ayres' dinner, at which the British consul sent out by Mr. Canning was present: indeed, we believe, the dinner was especially given to that gentleman:—

"To the state of Buenos Ayres, the load-star of the South, the anchor of Hope amidst the storms of revolution; and prosperity to the pilot who has weathered the hurricane. Under her auspices may the union of the other provinces be accomplished, and may that union be perpetual."

Here comes another, proposed and drunk at Philadelphia:—

"Lebanon county: though small its area, yet we challenge the country to produce a more honest, industrious, and patriotic population, who, on the second Tuesday of October, will assist to elect one of its citizens to the chief magistracy of this commonwealth."

At a dinner given in honour of La Fayette, a Capt. J. K. Dunn, of whom it might be expected that he would never be done, gave the following. If each man repeated the words, how stupid they must have looked to be saying so long a lesson with their glasses in their hands:—

"General La Fayette—the last of our revolutionary staff. He abandoned every domestic comfort to expend his treasure and blood, and fight as a volunteer for American freedom—he lives in our hearts next to his old commander-in-chief, our beloved Washington."

But there is even a more extraordinary thing than this, of which we have seen sundry examples in the course of our American reading. It is that toasts are frequently accompanied by poetry. Whether this is delivered before or after the toast is drank, or repeated or omitted by the company, we are not informed; though it is printed as if it were part of the toast. God help us! how many a Manchester manufacturer, or rich and illiterate country gentleman, would stumble over such a toast as what we subjoin, which belongs also to the La Fayette dinner. We should not much relish the recitation of the half of the good-will-bibbers that frequent our English public dinners, and it is most astonishing if the elocutionary powers of the Americans are already superior to those of the mother country:—

"The cause of the Greeks—

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead,  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,  
Friends of the brave, review your swords to  
man—  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van."

Here follows another, given at a dinner at Boston:—

"The memory of Byron—

"Over the HEART of CHILDE HAROLD Greek  
maledict shall weep—  
In his own native island his body shall sleep,  
With the bones of the bravest and best; And  
But this song shall go down to the latest of  
time,  
Fame tell how he rose for earth's sweetest  
clime,  
And Mercy shall blot out the rest."

But perhaps the longest that was ever given is the annexed, which came most appropriately from the editor of the *New England Farmer*, a publication already well known to many of the greatest agriculturists of this country:—

"Agriculture, the primitive and principle pursuit of man. May masters of art recollect, that without agriculture, man would be their master. Men—men remember that cabbage heads go to compose learned heads—physicians to sensible that meat comes before medicine—the statesmen never forget that the seeds which produce manufactories, counting-houses, schools, academies, colleges, court-houses, and churches, are sown in the field of the farmer."

Now, who in the British empire, or who in any other part of the world, would think of delivering forth such a mass of toast, if one may use the expression, as is here exhibited? Even if none but the individual who ate it, is, by rule,

troubled to call to mind this speech of a toast (for it is certainly less a *lengthy* toast, than a miniature speech), it would be impracticable in any assembly where there existed a considerable degree of enthusiasm, to prevent two-thirds of the company from swallowing their wine before the toast should be half concluded, especially if the gentlemen should happen to be half-seas over at the time. Let the sober reader, or let the port-bewildered reader, (for he will, perhaps, be better able to judge than the other), think for a moment that he sees the president rising to give a toast—let him anticipate that the coming toast is only a mere expression, a line or two in length, and let him confess how ridiculous he would feel to carry the glass to his lips, expecting to have some good motive, or at least some feasible excuse for forthwith swallowing its contents, and there to be compelled to hold it during the full term of a well-rounded period! A toast should be brief and spirit-stirring. It is the suddenness and smartness of the shock which gives it all its agreeable effect. Toasts of four, five, six, or perhaps nine or ten lines, are almost as laughable as it would be to expect lightning to be surpassed in speed by a laden London waggon.

*Newcastle Magazine.*

## Scientific Amusements.

No. XI.

### SILVER TREE ON GLASS.

PUT a few drops of the solution of silver in aqua fortis on a piece of glass, form a bit of copper or brass wire to represent a tree with its branches, but flat, so as to lie upon the glass; lay it in the liquid, and let it remain for an hour or two. A beautiful vegetation will be perceived all round the wire, which will nearly be covered by it. This may be preserved by washing it very carefully with water, and putting another glass over it.

### TO COVER RIBBONS WITH GOLD.

LET ether stand over phosphorus for some weeks, and some of the phosphorus will be dissolved. Dissolve also some gold in aqua regia (nitro muriatic acid.) Dip the ribbon, first, into the nitro muriatic solution, then into the phosphorated ether, and it will be covered with a firm coating of gold.

The same effect is produced by exposing the ribbon, after having dipped it into the solution of gold, to a current of phosphorated hydrogen gas for some days.

### TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS FROM LEAVES.

TAKE green leaves of trees or flowers, lay them between the leaves of a book till they are dry, then mix up some lamp-black with drying oil, and make a small dabber of some cotton wrapped up in a piece of soft leather. Put your colour upon a tile, and take some upon your dabber.

Laying the dried leaf flat upon a table, dab it very gently with the oil colour, till the veins of the leaf are covered; but be careful not to dab it so hard as to force the colour between the veins. Moisten a piece of paper, or rather have a piece laying between several sheets of moistened paper for several hours, and lay this over the leaf which has been blackened. Press it gently down, then subject it to the action of a press, or lay a heavy weight on it, and press it down very hard. By this means you obtain a very beautiful impression of the leaf and all the veins; even the minutest will be represented in a more perfect manner than they could be drawn with the greatest care. These impressions may also be coloured in the same manner as prints.

### TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL PETRIFICATIONS.

PUT a quantity of pounded flour spar and a few bits of broken glass into a retort, pour upon them some sulphuric acid; fluoric acid gas will be disengaged, holding silex in solution. The substances to be made resembling petrifications, as lizards, frogs, branches of trees, birds' nests, &c. are now moistened with water, and placed in a vessel connected with the neck of the retort. The fluoric acid gas will be absorbed by the moisture adhering to the substances, and the silex precipitated upon them like a sort of hoar-frost having a very beautiful appearance.

## Miscellanies.

### EXTEMPORE.

ON reading "an Ode to a Pig while his nose was boring," which may serve as a fable, and an excellent piece of instruction to many of the human race, as well as to the swinish community.—See MIRROR, No. 137, page 262.

Let mortals learn that punishment is good—  
A thorough blessing, though not understood;  
That liberty itself may prove a curse,  
And, though our lot be bad, the lot of some is worse.

## THE WELSH CURATE.

## A PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

I do remember a Welsh Curate :  
In you thatched hut he lives : whom late I noted  
On jaded pony, with forced shuffling gait,  
Hurrying from church to church—scant was his  
pay.  
And sharp, thick-coming taxes feasted him bare :  
Around his needy board stood half a dozen  
Of ragged, ruddy, hungry, lovely children,  
And ever-burdened wife. About his shelves  
The butcher's quarterly account—not paid :  
An ill-strung fiddle; old cheese; some musty  
books;  
Remnants of fishing tackle; and half a loaf;  
Noting his penury, to myself I said,  
An if a bishop had some small living,  
Not worth the Chaplain's notice, vacant now,  
Here is an honest man—'twould make him happy.  
Being noon, he's paring leeks.

TOBY.

SWEDISH AND DANISH  
WATCHMEN.

THE watchmen of Stockholm, like their brethren of Copenhagen, cry the hour most lustily, and sing anthems almost all night, to the no little annoyance of foreigners, who have been accustomed to confine their devotions to the day. These important personages of the night perambulate the town with a curious weapon like a pitchfork, each side of the fork having a spring barb, used in securing a running thief by the leg. The use of it requires some skill and practice, and constitutes no inconsiderable part of the valuable art and mystery of thief-catching.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF  
PETERBOROUGH.

THE celebrated Earl of Peterborough crossing the King's Mews one evening in a chair, soon after the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough from one of his victorious campaigns, was mistaken by the populace for his Grace, and was soon surrounded from curiosity to see the man who had given the French so many drubbings. His Lordship finding that the multitude had followed his chair upon a wrong scent, ordered the men who carried the vehicle to stop; and putting down the front glass, he thus addressed the mistaken crowd:—"I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough; and to convince you that *I am not*, (continued his Lordship,) throwing a handful of money amongst them, here is something for you to drink."—The well known avarice of his Grace gave a strong point to his Lordship's speech, and proved at once his none identity with the hero of Blenheim.

## ANECDOTE.

A FEMALE came into a bookseller's shop with a slip of paper in her hand, upon which was written a verse from scripture, with the proper reference to the place from whence it was taken. "I want, (said she,) the sermon on that text, and two of my neighbours will each be glad of one also." The bookseller surprised, inquired whose sermon it was. "Our curate's (she replied), and he preached it last Sunday." On being asked whether she knew if it had been printed, she was a little displeased, and pettishly observed, "How could it have been preached if it had not been printed?" No explanation or remonstrance availed to satisfy her; and she left the shop, convinced that the bookseller could if he had thought proper, have accommodated her with what she wanted.

F. W. D.

## CORPORATE ECONOMY.

*A Bill of Fare for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Wax Chandlers.*

LONDON, 1478.

	d.
2 Loins of veal, & 2 mutton pies	1 4
1 Dito of beef .....	0 4
1 Doz pigeons & 1 doz. rabbits	0 9
1 Pig and 1 capon .....	1 0
1 Goose and 100 eggs .....	1 0
1 Leg of mutton .....	0 2
2 Gallons of sack .....	1 4
18 Dito of strong ale .....	1 6

7 6

## DRINKERS.

THERE are three sorts of drinkers. The first class drink to satisfy nature and support existence; the second are somewhat more bibulous, and take a larger quantum, to exhilarate the frame and cheer the heart—to give vivacity to mien, and brighter coruscations to wit, as well as to ensure them sound repose—these we may be allowed to call lawful drinkers; but the third class, those who swallow potations deep for no earthly purpose but to enervate the body and stupefy the mind, are wholly indefensible. Upon their own shewing, they deserve to be ranked with, if not beneath, the beasts that perish, seeing that it is their constant aim to render their reason oblivious, without possessing its next of kin, instinct. I was much struck with the shrewd remark of one of the woolly-headed race, on my recent visit to Jamaica.

In the course of my ride, I observed a Negro in a pimento walk, which commanded a beautiful and extensive view of coffee-grounds, cane pieces, the vast range called the Blue Mountains, and the ever-changing sea. I beckoned to him to take charge of my horse, while I sought the friendly shelter of a banana, beneath which I could indulge my taste with the picturesque with greater comfort and advantage: it was an elysium around me. But as I was not yet a disembodied spirit, and had to ride for my dinner, I could not fix my abode there. I took a lingering look, and motioned for my horse. When the fellow came up to me, he threw his features into such an inexpressible shape I thought he was inebriated, and taxed him with it. I shall never forget the man's naive reply:—"You say me tippy! me no tippy, me merry. Massa often say, when I funny, Quace, you drunk! me say, no massa, me no drunk—you last drank, an me sorrow for dat—for you die, an den all one to Massa and Quaco, but dat never so here." He laugh, an say, "how dat Quaco, no differ dan, but differ now? Me tell him answer so—Ah! massa, you drink for drunky, me drink for drinky, that's differ 'twen U and I." This was too much; usage deterred me from laughing with the sable wit, but has not prevented me from doing so since. I put a jolt in the wag's hand, and pursued my ride. Will you find a corner in the Mission for an African's joke, or an European's failing?

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

### TURKISH FIRMAN.

The following is the text of a recent Firman of the Grand Seignior:—

"Learn," said the Sultan Mahmoud, "that the infidels translate and print, in the languages of the East, the books of their religion, known under the name *Bible*, *Postor*, and *Gospel*. Two or three hundred of each sort have arrived in my dominions; with four or five treatises in the Persian language. It is my duty to prevent such things. I wish that books of this kind should be sent back into Europe. If hereafter any of them come to my custom-house, let there be a strict account made out of them, and sent to my capital. I prohibit all Turks, whoever they may be, to take any of those false books: when they meet with any of them, I ordain that they seize, and throw them into the fire."

### EPIGRAM.

It was a frosty morning.—Sam Met Tom, and asked him for a Dram. I'll give you one, said Tom, and first, Drink not but to quench your thirst; Next, in my pocket I've no pelf; Lastly, I want a Dram myself: So now you've had it, worthy Sam, *Three scruples always make a Dram.*

PHILOTIMOS.

### HARDER WHERE THERE'S NONE.

A COLLEGIAN was once dining, during the vacation, with a party of young friends, upon beef steaks. In the course of the meal, one of the party said they were hard, and was immediately answered by another, "It is much harder where there are none." This joke pleased the collegian so much, that he determined to seize the first opportunity of repeating it. For this purpose he waited anxiously for two months, after his return to his institution. One morning early, as he was looking out of the window, enjoying the keen and invigorating November air, a countryman passed, and observing him, said, "Good morning, sir: it is a hard frost this morning." The youth thought this an excellent opportunity to be amused, therefore exultingly exclaimed, "Harder where there's none!"

KILLIGREW comparing a gossiping lady of the Court of Charles II. to a monkey, was asked where was the parallel?—Because, said he, they are both tail (tale) bearers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Charitable Institutions, No. III.; The History of Music, and several articles from Correspondents in our next.*

Will Mr. Spiller send to our office any time after Monday: we feel deeply obliged by his kindness.

The following have been received:—*Edgar, Jacobus, Weston, Philotimos, Probus, D. Frank, J. W. E., W. H. B., W. M., J. W., Hypmet, Jean, Henricus, F. R.—s, Cloris, Solopensis, Q. Q. Q., The North Star, Barber, G. Wright, Humility, S. E., C. V., Charles, O. W. C., Mr. Crisp, E. T.—s, Mahays, E. A., G. S., T. W., J. M. C., Osiris, Timothy, and J. G. K.*

Can Charles favour us with a description of the cottage of which he has sent us a drawing: M. A. has our best thanks.

T. M.—r shall be situated to.

*Excration.*—The signature to the description of Burgh Castle in No. 137, of the Mirror, should have been F. B. T. Crisp.

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